

MEN AND WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

It may be laid down as a general rule that the ordinary man never knows when a woman's dress fits or not—unless, of course, it is an extraordinary misfit. His replies to inquiries on that point are, as practically all husbands will attest, based on what he thinks the woman thinks of it. When a wife, for instance, comes into the room wearing a new dress, with a smile on her face, and turns around several times and asks him what he thinks of the fit, he replies without hesitation that it is all right—that he likes the pattern exceedingly and that he doesn't think he ever saw her wear anything more becoming. If, on the contrary, she comes in with corrugated brows and inquires in a distinctly dissatisfied tone what he thinks of the dress, he instantly remarks that, though it looks fairly nice, yet there is still something about it that he doesn't like. He can't say exactly what it is that seems out of kilter, but there is certainly something wrong with that dress and it ought to be altered at once. But it is only just to the men to say that their ignorance of what constitutes the fit of a dress is paralleled by the feminine inability to realize what goes to make up a well-fitting suit for a male person. As a rule, a woman's advice with respect to a man's suit is the most dangerous thing a man can take

To some, each new spring comes with the freshness of a first one, and there is an evanescent charm about it which no other season possesses. It is a long series of progressions, beginning with the first soft southern breeze, the melting of the snow and the earliest warble of the pioneer blue bird, a tiny patch of sky flown down to earth, the unlocking of mountain streams, the soft pussy willow buds and the twilight piping of frogs. There is premonition and expectancy in the air. Then, with alternating showers and sunshine, the dreary-looking earth takes on little by little a fresh robe of verdure, pale green at first, half hiding the skeleton outlines of the trees and wrapping the landscape in a misty dream of beauty. There are varying shades; here and there where there are oaks, splashes of brownish purple, and along the hillsides great masses of blossoms, dogwood and judas tree and billow reaches of white and pink orchards. All along the way in dooryards are white and purple lilacs loading the air with fragrance, and the fields are spangled with golden dandelions.

That men of wealth in increasing numbers are deserting the ranks of "the idle rich" and devoting their time, talents and a part of their money to useful public service, is one of the encouraging fruits of democracy in this country. The charge has often been made that very wealthy men do not bear their just proportion of the public burdens, and possibly many of them do not. Possibly many of them lack a sense of responsibility. During the past quarter of a century, however, there have been in American public life, or in semi-public life, a great number of men who feel that riches, as well as noblesse, oblige, says the Boston Globe. It would be a superfluous task to enumerate them—the men in whom a social conscience has been developed and who find the performance of public duties more attractive than polo or golf.

The courts and the imperious ruler by divine right do not always pull together, as appears from a case in Germany, where a tenant of the emperor sued his landlord and won in two courts. There was a precedent for this in the reign of Frederick the Great, who wanted to remove a mill that spoiled his view from Sans Souci, but the courts upheld the sturdy miller through a controversy which Carlyle celebrates over several pages. Still such things occur infrequently enough in Germany to get into print when they do happen.

It has been decided by a Chicago judge that the earning capacity of a performing monkey is \$200 a week. If it is impossible for one to be a ball player one may still be a performing monkey.

A Boston clergyman says that American women wear too many clothes at summer resorts. Either he has never been at a seaside resort or another church trial is imminent.

There have been several cases lately of doctors being sued for sewing up surgical supplies in the bodies of their patients. Perhaps, after all, a trust to raise the prices of doctors' outfits would not be a bad thing.

A Chicago boy fell from a fourth-story window and struck on a cement sidewalk without being seriously injured. This may be regarded as a strong recommendation for cement sidewalks.

Hats for Vacation Outings Are Simple in All Respects



HATS for outing wear are properly simple in shape and trimming. They should be light in weight, shade the eyes, and small enough to be out of the way of everybody. One may find them, answering these requirements, in all sorts of materials and qualities. There are grass hats (which are pretty with a light scarf draped about them) that cost only a quarter, and there are good looking straw hats for 50 and 75 cents. And at the other extreme are fine South American Panama hats that cost as much as one wants to pay. White felts and white fabric hats are in the running also, with the new native models developing considerable strength. The pictures given here will serve to show about the simplest and also the least simple methods of trimming used on this character of millinery. The hat of pique bound with a fold of the same and finished with a band and fan, could hardly be simpler. A hat in similar shape of Jap straw is bound with velvet and trimmed with velvet ears supported by wire. Against these Irish crochet balls and ornaments are served. This is as elaborate as one would care to have it, for an outing hat.

The most elegant hat of all for outing wear is a good Panama. The fine ones stand a great amount of bending and wear and are successfully cleaned. Also they hold their color in the sun, and the color of the genuine Panama is very beautiful. These hats are most appropriately trimmed with scarfs of silk or bands and ornaments of ribbon.

Some novel hats made of silk or other fabrics, shaped by rows of shirring on cords or fine wires, have been lately introduced for traveling. They are reversible and give one the advantage of a change, as the inside and outside are in different colors. An ornament may be pinned or sewed to such a hat upon occasion, and it will serve for regular street wear, especially if further decorated with a lace veil. It may be flattened out and carried in a suitcase if necessary, which is the great point of advantage in these flexible hats. For a sea voyage they are ideal.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

LOOP TO REPLACE BUTTON

Far Better on Delicate Materials and Not at All Hard to Put Together.

In putting together a lingerie waist it is often impossible to find a place in the delicate trimmings for button-holes. As a substitute loops are used and a quick and easy method of making them is given herewith. Use a fine thread and flat single wheels of plain tating the size you wish for the buttons to be used. Break them off with sufficient thread to sew them on with. They are easily sewn in place and are substantial.

An easy way to make the wide tucks over the shoulder of shirt waists: Crease the goods at the perforations in the pattern, measure your tuck and put the goods under the needle at the right distance from edge to make the tuck the required width, attach your cloth gauge to the bedplate of the machine so that the edge of the cloth touches the gauge, and stitch the tuck—taking care to keep the edge against the gauge the full length of tuck.

LAST WORD IN MILLINERY



The Flower-Trimmed Hat at Its Smartest.

FLOWERS NOW IN PROFUSION

Delightful Table Decorations Are Easily Possible at This Favored Time of Year.

With the return of the flowers comes the desire to have the table decorated with some arrangement of blossoms.

It is rather an expensive proposition during the winter, but flowers at this season are inexpensive; or we may call upon the woods and fields to provide bouquets for the table.

An effective decoration is to fill a bowl with moss and arrange snowdrops and crocuses as if they were growing in their native home.

The bowl should be shallow and wide. Twenty snowdrops and a few violets are enough to fill the bowl. They are more effective when not clustered.

Small glass or china troughs may be purchased for the purpose of decorating the table.

Each of these is an arc of a quarter circle, and may be arranged to form many designs. Short-stemmed flowers, pansies, violets, lilies-of-the-valley.

The center or corners of a table are the proper places for flowers. Quantities of vases and holders, narrow and shapely, are made for the purpose of holding table flowers.

Popular Feather.
A notable novelty, and one that is appearing on every side in Parisian millinery, is the high knife feather or "couteau," carried out in curled ostrich plume. They are forthcoming in black, white and every modish color of the moment, and are exceedingly pretty. A couple of white "couteaux" and an edging of white plume on a black tricorn shape, or black upon white, are fetching and becoming.

Chiffon Poplin.
Chiffon poplin with a rich border design in flowers strewn over satin cross stripes comes in the most beautiful colorings. It is very wide, reaching easily from the waistline to the ground, the border being the only trimming needed.

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Deaf Mutes Fling Epithets in Court



NEW YORK.—There was a silent commotion of an extraordinary character before Magistrate Krotel in Center street court the other day when Henry J. Hecker, a deaf-mute pressman of 754 East One Hundred and Fifty-second street, appeared as complainant against Miss Nora Sullivan, a young woman of twenty, also a deaf-mute, of 330 Water street. Hecker charged that Miss Sullivan grossly insulted him on the street last Saturday afternoon, flinging a broadside of slanderous epithets at him from the tips of her fingers and then banging him on the head with an umbrella.

The young woman, who is short and plump and highstrung, appeared in court in answer to a summons obtained by Hecker.

There was no deaf-mute interpreter in court when the case was called and Magistrate Krotel was at a loss to understand the multitude of high signs that were snapped at him. Hecker vainly talked himself into a state of manual palsy, and court attendants were sent scurrying everywhere for an interpreter. Finally Police Sergeant Quackenbos, who is six feet tall and built like a hack, was reached at

police headquarters and came down to court while the quiet excitement was at its height.

Complainant Hecker was pretty weak in the wrists when he took the stand and related how he had been insulted and thwacked with the umbrella. Quackenbos did not translate the insults, but informed the court that in thumb and digit discourse the language was pretty fierce.

Then Miss Sullivan took the stand and talked so fast that Quackenbos couldn't get her. He told the magistrate she was having a fit of manual hysterics. He made swimming motions at the witness, wig-wagging for her to become calm. There was a great stillness in the court and at the same time a great tumult. All the deaf-mutes were talking at once and becoming purple in the face.

At last Miss Sullivan talked herself into a swoon and was carried to an ante-room. Brought out again, she talked herself into another swoon and came out of No. 2 quite limp. Then it was drawn from her that Hecker had made unpleasant left-handed remarks to her and that she was entirely justified in swinging at him with her umbrella.

"I guess this is all we can stand for one day," adjudged the court, mopping his brow. "Case dismissed."

As the two silent factions filed out of the courtroom there was a wireless riot in the corridors until the mammoth Sergeant Quackenbos intervened and waved them apart.

Man Dies After Fifty Years' Silence

DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.—Within a few hundred yards of a beach where 51 years ago two fishermen found him with his legs amputated, "Gerome," Nova Scotia's man of mystery, died a few days ago, silent to the end about his identity.

Although he undoubtedly possessed the power of speech, "Gerome" had not conversed with anyone in the half-century he had been cared for by Didier Comeau and the latter's sons and daughters. During all of this time "Gerome" had remained a mystery to the settlers here, most of whom are known as "returned Arcadians," being the descendants of the compatriots of Evangeline who returned to this part of their adopted country after their expulsion by the English in 1755.

Away back in the summer of 1861, according to tradition, a ship different from those usually seen here put off a small boat which made for the shore and deposited above the tide line an object that several hours later was discovered to be a man. His legs had been freshly amputated and there was a jug of water and a package of ship's biscuit beside the man, who had suffered greatly from exposure.

Wrapped in blankets and taken to the Comeau house, where, ever since he has been a welcome member of the



household, the man was finally revived by a physician. In half a dozen languages the man was asked: "What is your name?" To this question, in Italian, propounded by the elder Comeau, the man made muffled reply: "Gerome!" Never after that, however, did "Gerome" utter a word except on one occasion when asked where he came from. "Trieste" was the reply made, seemingly in an unguarded moment.

Physicians from all parts of the world, who have visited this Land of Evangeline in the 51 summers that have elapsed since "Gerome" was found on the beach, have studied the man's case. Most of them have agreed that he might have spoken had he decided to do so; one or two have vouchsafed the opinion that some terrible experience through which "Gerome" passed frightened him out of his senses and rendered him unable to utter an intelligible word.

Girls to Enforce Hat Pin Ordinance



CHICAGO.—Thieves to catch thieves, and women to catch women. If the first, why not the second?

So reasons John McWeeny, chief of police. And since it sounded good to the head of Chicago's police department thereupon outlined his plans for a regular beauty squad.

Hat pins caused his cogitations and the same pointed reasons, coupled with an old ordinance that never has done duty, will inspire the 20 girls he hopes to enlist in the service.

"You see, my men are bashful," explained the chief. "And men are anyway. Now if you were standing on the corner and a pink cheeked girl strolled by with the points of her hat pins sticking out a foot, would you arrest her?"

"No, you'd probably wink your eye at your brother officer and say, 'No, no, my no—she ain't breakin' the law.' So you see, we've just got to have girls to catch girls—a regular beauty squad."

Then when the woman with the hat pins strolls by, a fashionably dressed girl, wearing a tiny star where she formerly wore the pin of her sorority, will touch her on the shoulder and suggest that, "The captain wants you."

And herein lies just one fear that may wreck the proposed beauty squad before its organization.

What if the woman shouts: "What for?" and the beauty policeman says: "Your hat pins are too long; they stick out too far; you are under arrest;" will the arrested one cry "Leave me alone or I'll scratch your eyes out?"

Will this be followed by a real hair-pulling contest? And will the original gentleman policeman have to cry "break;" stop the argument, and take both fighters for a ride in the blue wagon?

These are questions experience alone can solve. And Chief McWeeny says he will take a chance on the battles just to try out his plan.

Didn't Know What It Was.
Senator Duncan U. Fletcher was condemning at a dinner in Jacksonville an orange grower who had failed. "The man failed," he said, "through ignorance. He lays the blame on other things, but his ignorance alone is at fault. He is as ignorant of orange farming as the tramp was of industry. 'You've heard of that tramp, perhaps? He wore on his face a sneer of derision and scorn. 'Work?' he said 'Work? What is it—an herb?'"

Coed Throws Her Own Effigy on Pyre

ST. LOUIS.—Passengers on a Market street car passing the western end of Forest Park saw a girl trudging along the tracks, with what appeared to be the lifeless body of another girl on her shoulder.

The body was clad in a blue suit and a pair of brown-stockinged legs dangled limply. The motorman slowed up the car. One glance at the head of the object and he threw on the power again.

With an indignant look the girl with her burden marched on her way. She was Miss Annie Brown, president of the junior class of Forest Park university, who was carrying her effigy to a grocery store half a mile away to burn it. By burning her own effigy Miss Brown established a precedent.

As the climax in the class fight which had been on between the junior and senior classes for three days, the seniors had abstracted a dress of Miss



Brown, stuffed it with paper and rags and hung the effigy on the high oak in the front yard of the university.

The effigy was discovered early in the morning by Miss Gertrude Schneider, vice-president of the juniors. After heroic efforts she managed to cut it down. The question was what to do with it before the entire school saw it.

It was then that Miss Brown decided on the visit to a grocery to buy the tracks. None of the seniors saw the disposal of the effigy, and all were mystified at seeing the oak tree relieved of its burden.



TASTY, tempting and appetizing.

Libby's Corned Beef

Fine for a light luncheon or a hearty meal. Ready to serve—no cooking odor to permeate the house, and economical as well. Makes excellent corn beef hash.

At Every Grocers

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

A third party is usually undesirable in courtship or politics.

Society forgives a man if he breaks the Ten Commandments, but never if he goes broke himself.

Just one cup of Garfield Tea taken before retiring will next day relieve your system gently and thoroughly of all impurities.

Enigmatic.
"I say, how is that new baby over to your house?"
"It's a howling success."

Hardly Suitable.
Settlement Worker.—Since meat is so high why not use vegetables?
Mrs. Grogan.—They don't do a black eye no good.

The Village Cut-Up.
"Charley Billingsby always has something funny to say, no matter what happens."
"I know it. He's awful comical."
"I often wonder how he thinks of the humorous thoughts he has. He's just perfectly killing. I never heard him call an umbrella anything but a bumbershoot."

Above the Laws.
Some men think money can do anything. A certain rich man sent for the doctor, who looked him over and then pronounced judgment.
"You have been living too high."
"Maybe I have. There are many good things in the markets."
"No levity. You have violated nature's laws, and you must pay the penalty."
"Pay the penalty? Oh, come now, Doc. Can't you get me off on a technicality or something?"

Four Dollars for a Cake of Soap.
Soap has never been considered an extravagance, but now that notion may change, since the new French imported soaps are costing from two to three and four dollars a cake. They are, however, deliciously scented, and one may take pardonable pleasure in using such toilet article. Each cake comes in a little box, and is satin covered; they are quite a suitable item for the traveling bag of the bride, for which the most exquisite trifles are always sought out.

Ever Notice A Field of Indian Corn in the glory of its growing? The best part of selected pearly white Indian Corn is used in making Post Toasties

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This food is carefully cooked—in a factory that is clean and spotless—not a hand touching it at any stage of the making.

Post Toasties with cream and a sprinkle of sugar are an ideal dish. Serve sometimes with fresh strawberries added.

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